

Something in the Water

The Incident in Derry - I

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Something in the Water by the_welsh_woman

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Summary:

As a member of an investigation team, You find yourself facing your own inner demons

Something in the Water

You'd become uncomfortably familiar with the cycles of Derry's sewer systems. Late Friday and Saturday nights were the worst, really - because all of those down home boys sure knew how to pack away chilli dogs or hot wings, or mom's messy meatloaf and mashed potatoes whilst playing armchair quarterback along with the national football games. The human body just wasn't meant to hold onto all of those processed and fatty foods and the swell in sewer volume during the late and early hours eloquently and disgustingly illustrated that fact.

With your headlamp set to red-light only, which seemed to make it a lot easier to see in the weird greying pipes, you walked carefully along the wooden pathway your team had constructed above the sloshing water. Having the walkway there, was a blessing and down there in the bowels of the town, blessings were few and far between. It saved you the trouble of wet boots and having to suffer the indignity of using waders.

But aside from that you were prepared for your trek. The smell of rot was no longer much of an issue because you were good at compartmentalizing things when you had to, good at putting aside the thought of those unseen things dwelling in the sewers that turned your stomach so that they wouldn't disrupt your thought processes or your concentration. And in your line of work, you had to be good. You had to face the sewers and everything that lurked within. There was no shying away from it because that's where he was.

No, you thought miserably, no, that wasn't right. That wasn't fair. Not /He/. Never a He.

That's where IT was.

Coming to stand at the end of the plank-way at the edge of the pipe you paused, feeling dizzy. There was a strange buzzing in your head and it was getting harder to breathe. Everything was so damp and oppressive as if the walls were tightening in around you.

Getting close now.

You took in a deep breath, held it for a count of four and then let it hiss out between pursed lips, making a low whistling noise. You were still tense, so you repeated the breathing exercise until the stress borne knot forming between your shoulder blades finally loosened and you could think clearly again.

'You're ok,' you murmured. 'You're fine. You're going to be fine.'

Even as you muttered your personal calming mantra, you weren't sure that you believed yourself anymore. Were you really going to be ok? Even if you got out of this physically intact, what could be said about your mental state? You shook the thought away. There was no time for doubt. You had work to do.

You had been participating in the project for months now and each time you went down there, down to the sewers, you were assaulted with a new melange of emotions. Initially it had been fear, which upon later excursions turned into excitement giving you a rush of empowerment and now, standing in the ruby tinted darkness, you felt a strange mix of pleasure and butterflies in the stomach as if you were visiting a new crush. You scoffed to yourself. This thing was anything but a crush. It was a--

Quickly forcing yourself to get your emotions under tighter control, you squared your rucksack across your back and jumped down from the planks, landing onto an area where the junction of three pipes opened out into a dry patch mix of stony sediment. Thin streams of sewer water trickled around the edges to find its own way through the tunnels, but here, in this small area, it was dry, elevated a little by the collection of hard, undissolved rubbish.

Looking around, you let the red light illuminate the nearby generator. Unshouldering then dropping your rucksack beside it, you cranked the generator switch and the small powerful machine roared to life. As the sound of its engine echoed against the stone walls, you turned expectantly towards the three flood lights which slowly brightened to illuminate the tall cage sitting in the circular pools of lights.

Disturbed by the light, the creature in the cage lunged towards the bars, reaching out to grab at them, to shake them with a barely

suppressed fury. But you weren't concerned by that and you calmly went about setting up your camp for the night. This was routine now, something you could do with your eyes closed as it had been months since your team had captured IT and imprisoned it in a specially made cage. The initial idea was to trap IT in its clown form and keep him from shifting into something that could easily escape. So far, the cage seemed to be holding and the wild-eyed hulking clown standing within had not been able to break free. At least not yet.

You switched on the makeshift bank of instruments and machines in front of the cage and when they booted up, you watched the glut of stored information rush across the small screens as the instruments once again began measuring the creature's alpha and beta waves. Unfortunately, this experiment did not produce much useful information. Those brain wave instruments were geared towards humans and although this thing looked human (at least at the moment) it wasn't giving off anything vaguely comparable to human brain waves. It just couldn't be read by conventional methods, not completely at any rate, but the more information that you and your team gathered, the better you were able to tailor the experiments and the eventual method of destruction.

Pennywise snarled at you, straining against the bars, struggling violently to produce some semblance of English words to mock and curse you. But his unbridled rage had robbed him of any coherent thought and his true self was breaking through. You could see it practically ripping him apart. The animal that he was only wanted to maul and kill and gorge itself on flesh and you were next on that list.

Beneath his weight, the cage creaked noisily and a surge of unfamiliar panic rushed through you. You frantically examined the metal structure looking for any outward signs of weakness. The cage had not been made of ordinary steel, so it didn't have steel's inherent weakness. It was in fact comprised of a mixture of alloys you and your team had /hoped/ would do the trick. Although you hoped it would hold the unspeakable monster, the uncertainty of the metal's effectiveness loomed large over the project. It didn't matter the risk though, for the outcome alone was worth it.

IT had to be stopped and you were glad to put your life on the line to

do it.

The cage continued to groan yet you could not visibly ascertain any failures in the structure, and that scared you even more. Was the cage not going to hold him any longer? What if he got out? You knew couldn't take him alone. There was no way that you'd survive the fight, even with the weapons that you had.

Pennywise abruptly stilled. His red mouth opened, then lengthened with delight and a stream of viscous drool pooled and dripped from his lower lip. He could feel you. He could feel the unadulterated spasm of fear that spiked from you like a sunburst. He tasted the air with quick scenting jerks of his head, and gained enough control to compose himself. After having been starved for so long, the fleeting tease of you was overwhelming. He wanted more.

Then you heard it.

At first, it was a giggle. Just a little snuffling of sound and you fought the urge to call it cute. But, it was. A cute little giggle, something that could have easily come from a child who was playing his favourite game, and not the alien monster housed in an seemingly unbreakable cage in the tunnels beneath Derry. Then the giggle turned into something throaty, broadening into a rasping laugh. You stared at him and he closed his dirty gloved hands about the bars, leaning towards you. The yellow eyes drifted into a crystalline shade of blue as the laughing faded away. His purposefully cutesie clown face relaxed suddenly, all animation leaching from him and he held your gaze for an uncomfortably long moment. Then Pennywise smiled.

And though you thought you would have been paralysed by disgust, at the grinning clown, the sight of his crooked front teeth peeking out between blood red lips did just the opposite to you. You found yourself unspeakably and horribly charmed.

This is why the children came to you, isn't it, you thought. This is how you got them close.

'No,' you murmured. 'Stop it.'

His head cocked to one side, watching you cradle your head in one

hand. Confusion clouded your thoughts and you tried to shake it away.

'Meeee out, Ssssweet.'

The words were barely above a whisper and you weren't sure that you were hearing things correctly. You looked up at him and the smile brightened. He twitched and the bells on his costume jingled gaily.

'L-let meeee out, Sweet.'

He repeated it with such anticipation that the over-pronounced 't' at the end of 'sweet' ticked against your brain.

Your footfalls crunched through the sediment and debris as you drew closer to the cage and you reached out, wholly tempted for that one sweet moment. All the hairs stood up on your body, and you were fully conscious of the pooling warmth in your belly, conscious of the need to get close to him howling in your brain, clawing at your senses, before returning sanity reached for you and dragged you back from the brink.

You almost let him out. You almost let HIM OUT!! You wanted to LET HIM OUT! LET HIM OUT! LET HIM OUT!!

Voices gibbered hysterically in your head, screamed incoherently and you finally knew what insanity sounded like. This was insanity.

'No!' you gasped. 'Shut the fuck up!'

Pennywise's eyes widened and his wet mouth rounded into an 'O' of pleasure, but he said nothing more.

Panting you turned away and closed your arms about yourself. You were shaking and panic threatened to consume you.

What's going on? you thought. This has never happened before. It was never this hard to interact with the creature. You'd been trained for this. You knew the triggers and how to overcome them. You knew how to handle any situation that could have arisen. Why now? Why were you falling apart?

Damn him.

'Damn you,' you muttered blackly, more angry with yourself for nearly giving in to your desire for him, than angry with him for testing you.

Whipping around to the beeping instrument bank, you stabbed at the black button labeled /feedback/. The machine rocked a bit as it sent a pulse of sound and pressure towards the clown. To your ears, it was a nearly inaudible screech.

But to him, it was the only thing that could really physically cause him pain and his reaction was instantaneous. Pennywise howled in agony, throwing himself backwards in a futile effort to escape. He clutched his head and crashed into the back of the cage, screaming until you shut off the machine.

The pain was gone as quickly as it had come and Pennywise collapsed into a heap. He sat there for a long while, legs too long to be able to splay out in front of him, so he folded them up into awkward angles and glared balefully at you.

'You'll get more of that if you don't behave!' You shouted at him.

A tinkle of tiny bells was your only answer.

The both of you were silent for a long while, both breathing heavily and strangely in time with each other.

You finally broke the silence.

'Now, let's pick up where we left off, Pennywise. Are you listening to me?'

'Yesss....' he whined sounding satisfactorily defeated.

You sat down on the stool in front of the bank of instruments with your research notebook full of questions and experiments.

'Good. Let's get started.'

You didn't get back to your small rented room in the local hotel until Monday afternoon. One of your team mates had arrived at the site in the sewers early Monday to take over for the next shift and you were more than happy to leave the cold lonely place with the fucking dancing clown. And admittedly you were glad for the human company.

Unbeknownst to you, Pennywise watched your every move whilst you packed up your gear and briefed your partner on what had taken place over the last three days. Well, you didn't brief them on everything. You managed to leave out all of the times you were tempted to release the monster and other deviant thoughts.

Pennywise's suddenly bout of giggling interrupted your conversation. You wanted to ignore him. You just wanted to get out of there, go home, eat, sleep, shower, something to get your mind off of the last three days. You just wanted to leave. Instead of leaving, you looked towards the clown in the cage.

Pennywise lifted one large hand and gave you a jerky wave. The mischevious smile curled his lips.

'Ssssee you ssssoon.'

You shuddered at the promise in his voice. You didn't want to see him again. You wanted to flee the project and never look back, but you knew if you did, then you would be endangering too many lives and the risk was unacceptable.

Your partner grabbed your arm, dragging your attention away from It.

'Look, ok. Listen to me. Don't listen to it. Go home and get something eat. Get some sleep. You look a wreck.'

'I just spent three says in the sewer with a crazy clown. How else am I supposed to look?' you asked and a hysterical laugh threatened to bubble up and out of your throat.

You managed to bite it back and smile tightly.

'You're right,' you continued. 'Shower, eat, sleep. Yep. Got it.'

Your teammate smiled to reassure you. You were not reassured.

'You did good. From reading some of your notes, we got a lot of good information. All of this should really help.'

'Help kill it,' you added, but in your heart, you didn't even feel that resonate.

You nodded absently and couldn't help yourself from sliding another guilty look at Pennywise. Seeing your eyes on him, he perked up and waved again, that smile still on his face. Without another word, you turned and all but ran from the investigation site. Shower, eat, sleep. Yes, sleep until your next shift in a week. You should be right as rain by then.

The hotel was all but deserted this time of year. Not that tourists ever visited Derry. Derry was more of a drive through town and since the petrol station was on the outskirts, people really only drove through if they wanted snacks from the local market.

You took the lift to your third storey hotel room and not for the first time wished that there were other people on your floor. You had arrived during a festival rush and you and your team were lucky to get the rooms that you got. Now that the festival was over and the participants had gone, the hotel was empty again. And it was spooky. Horror movie spooky and you didn't like it.

Fitting the key into the lock and opening the door, you quickly slammed it, locked it and slid the chain into place.

Safe, you thought. Finally.

Undressing by the door as to not track any unpleasant muck into the clean room, you picked up the black plastic rubbish bag that you'd left on the small table by the door and stuffed your clothes into it. You struggled out of your boots and dropped them atop the bag but they slid off to one side because the pile of clothes was uneven. Not ideal, but you were too tired to deal with it.

In the morning, you thought. I'll deal with it in the morning.

Naked, you padded across the well worn carpet to the small antique

bathroom. Passing the mirror above the sink and catching your image out of the corner of your eye, you paused and moved in close to study your dirty reflection.

'God, I look like hell,' you murmured, touching and pulling at the puffy skin beneath your eyes.

You saw the state of your fingernails in the mirror and snatched them away. God, what kind of filth were you spreading on your skin? You met your eyes in the glass.

The project was definitely taking a toll on you and all you really wanted to do was sleep. You needed to sleep.

Making a face, you turned away from the mirror person you barely recognised. Opening the taps above the tub you waited for the water to heat and then allowed yourself to indulge in a long hot shower. You soaped and rinsed yourself entirely, twice, and once clean you stood there and relaxed beneath the heavy spray of water.

Taking in a long breath, you held it and closed your eyes. Pennywise's grinning face swam against the backs of your eyelids. In fact you saw his face every time you closed your eyes now that it almost became a welcomed hallucination.

Welcomed.

Heat surged in your belly again, sending warm pleasure lapping along your senses, as you slid your hands delicately across your belly giving in to the fantasy of being caressed by him. You imagined him in that cage again, in the sewers, those long fingers curled about the bars, that smile. You could see yourself standing before him, reaching out for him not caring that the number of his teeth glinting in the yellowy flood lights had increased exponentially.

And you saw yourself smiling back.

'Fuuuuck...' you groaned, shuddering at the thought. 'Not this again. Get a hold of yourself.'

You wrenched off the tap, stepped out and towelled dry.

Get a hold of yourself. You're going mad. Maybe it was time to take a break, maybe it was time to admit that you weren't coping well anymore.

A finger of anxiety poked around in your gut and you realised that if you did leave the project and returned to your formerly peaceful life, you wouldn't see him again and that caused you a surprising amount of anguish. Anguish over a monster. What did that make you?

Still wrapped in the coarse orange towel, you stalked out of the bathroom, found your portable food cooler, then grabbed a bottled water and one of the wrapped sandwiches. Holding your items against your chest, you crawled beneath the fresh bed linens to hide, eat and then eventually sleep.

It was still relatively dark when you opened your eyes and you weren't sure what woke you. The only weak light filtering in through the closed curtains came from the lamp post outside but even that only served to cast heavy shadows in the room. A storm had rolled in during the night, sending sheets of rain pattering against the windows in a soothing rhythm and everything was pleasantly muted outside beneath the white noise roar of the rain. It was the perfect night to sleep deeply but not for you. There you lay, slowly slipping free of an uncomfortably sticky sleep, feeling confused and unnerved. You squinted at your watch seeing that you'd only been asleep a few hours. Annoyed by the very fact that you were awake, you sighed, stretched stiff limbs and tried to relax.

Sleep threatened to take you again a moment later and you started to close your eyes again, when a soft, yet sharp sound pricked your ears.

A surge of cold panic whirled in your gut and pressing up on your elbows, you strained and searched the darkness for the source of the noise. There was nothing there in the room with you, you were convinced of it and then you heard it again.

The snuffling of noise that dissolved into a soft little giggle. You bolted upright, hand reaching out for the light on the nightstand, only to knock it over in your haste. It switched on by accident, clattered on the carpet and rolled towards the wall.

'Won't be needing that,' the voice in the room said. 'Won't be needing that at all, Sweet.'

Recognising what was happening, you screamed in terror, tore out of the bed and threw yourself towards the door. If you couldn't do anything else, at least you could run. A large hand closed about the back of your neck and squeezed. Excruciating pain spiked up into your head and down into your shoulders and you were already being jerked backwards before you could make a frantic grab for the edge of the wall separating the bed area from the rest of the room. Your fingers only glanced across the heavy embossed wallpaper before you were flung back and onto the bed again.

'No no no no no!' you cried, vaulting up and trying to make an escape.

'Oh yes,' answered the gleeful sounding voice, and suddenly you were crushed to the mattress by the full weight of the monster.

Pennywise.

His big hand wrapped about your neck again closing tight about the decidedly breakable column of muscle and bone. One knee jammed up between your thighs and you went stock still suddenly remembering that you had gone to bed in only a towel and sometime during the night you'd twisted out of it, leaving you now quite naked.

Pennywise leaned down enough so that you could see his face in the yellowy lamp.

Oh God, that wet grin stretched his ruby red mouth and you tried to turn away, but he held your heaving body still.

'Oh, I like this room. In-ti-mate.'

You stared up at him, ashamed that all you wanted in that terrible moment was to wrap your arms about him and pull him down for a kiss.

Pennywise inhaled suddenly and groaned.

The aroma of fear mingling with arousal radiating from you slammed

into him over and over in hot wet waves that shook him deep to the core. The knee thrust up between your legs again and you hissed as your body tightened with pleasure.

'This is what you want,' he growled, realisation dawning on him.

Yes, yes, yes I want this, you thought, face hot with shame. But you said nothing to encourage him. It seemed, the way you were holding onto him was encouragement enough. He needed no other incentive.

Smoothly and swiftly moving back along the length of your body, Pennywise brought his second knee down between your thighs, widening you viciously, opening you and reaching down to press his fingers against the heat he found there.

You made a strangled noise, fingers clutching the satiny material of the doublet and you tensed, waiting for - ohhhhh....

Those long fingers eased into you, feeling thick and endless and the sensations of his intrusion robbed you of your sanity. Everything within you cried out, whether in fear, or arousal, you couldn't tell because nothing meant anything to you anymore. All you were was a trembling being of flesh and nerves and want, want want. Pennywise hummed with satisfaction and with the other hand fumbled to open the front of his trousers. Clarity washed over you. You wanted to see. You wanted to see him for what he really was, but he shoved you down again, telling you clearly that you were not the one in control here. You were never going to be in control again. You could feel him, pushing deeper into you, lifting your hips up by the fingers still squirming inside you, his strength taking you by complete surprise. Then those fingers were gone, the heat was no more, leaving in its wake a chill against your slippery inner thighs.

Impossibly big hands closed about your waist and he wrenched you up onto his lap, then effortlessly thrust you down onto him, filling you completely making you scream out with pleasure. Pennywise bared his teeth, mirroring your delight as you grabbed his shoulders, pulling yourself in to drown yourself in his kiss. He was hot. Hotter than you had imagined and his cock swelled and pulsed inside you. He kissed you, hard, mercilessly engulfing you as he fucked you.

'Don't stop,' you gasped, riding high on the swell of pain and pleasure rushing through your body. 'Don't stop, please!'

He didn't stop. He continued the wild frenzied dance of your bodies together, moving in unison, your mingling voices increasing in pulse and volume and intensity. You struggled to maintain some semblance of yourself, some semblance of holding onto reality, but you were losing yourself, there was nearly nothing left and you were coming so hard that nothing else mattered.

Pennywise's deep, vicious thrusts wrung a long raw wail from you and falling back into the large hands that cupped your shoulders, you trembled beyond the edge of satiety, twitching as if electrified, grinning as if you'd lost your mind.

It was hard to take a breath now, as all the air from your lungs was being forced out by every ferocious thrust. It was all you could do to hold on. Pennywise shuddered against you, snarling a barbaric howl that reverberated throughout the room and you could feel a thin line of drool dripping onto your shoulder and sliding down to pool over your navel as hot cum gushed inside you.

A beat passed and with cock slipping out of you, he dropped you unceremoniously onto the bed. Groaning you lay there in the dark, shuddering still coming down from your high, your mind blank and your thoughts scattered. His hand curled about your wrist and he yanked you into a sitting position. You didn't have the strength to hold yourself upright, so you flopped like a joint-less doll against his chest. You looked up at the hulking clown, your eyes wet with tears from your shared exertion and you saw him smile. That unbearably mischievous smile. Pennywise dragged your hand close to his face and he slowly opened his mouth, jagged ugly teeth descending to fill his gaping maw. Your eyes widened in terror as you realised what was about to happen. You tried to yank away from him, although you knew that fighting him was useless, because you were no match for him. You accepted your fate. You'd asked for it.

Spike like teeth stabbed into the meaty part of your palm and blood welled out of the ragged wounds. You didn't scream. You barely felt. The endorphins pumping through your veins dulled the pain to a bare throb. You watched Pennywise in muted horror, a small part of

your brain wondering if he'd take your whole hand and how would you explain its absence. Or maybe he'd only take part of it and you wouldn't be completely mutilated for the rest of your life.

'No,' burred out of you and the clown stopped, yellow eyes lifting, snapping up to meet your gaze.

And to your surprise the teeth retracted with an ugly squelching noise. Bright red blood stained his lips and chin and he stared at you blankly. Eyes turning blue again, he grinned and finally let you go. You wanted to say something. Thank you, maybe but before you could get your wits about you and speak, he was gone.

You sat there, in the middle of a run down hotel room, bruised, worn and cradling your wounded hand. Shifting, you pulled the orange towel from where had been balled up beneath the linens and used it to wrap your hand. The pain was fresh and intense now and you had to bite back tears then belatedly, you realised that your mobile was ringing. Stumbling from the bed, you picked it up from the chest of drawers.

'Hello?'

'Hey! Hey, are you ok? I've been ringing you for an hour. What's going on?'

Dazed, you scanned the room and then looked down at yourself.

'I'm... fine. I'm, ok I was just... sleeping.'

Your teammate sounded relieved.

'And no one's there with you, right? You're safe?'

'What is it,' you asked. 'What's going on?'

'The clown! The clown is gone. I don't know fucking how, but he's fucking gone. We have to leave. Now. Get your things, you're not safe alone.'

The small animal part of your brain goaded the rest of you into action.

'Yes, yes of course. I'll -- I'm coming right now. Where are you?'

'Meet up at the rendezvous place, ok, are you ok to do that?'

Your team mate was starting to sound hysterical now and you just agreed to meet them at the regular spot. You disconnected the call before allowing them to get in another word. Within the cocoon of the towel your hand throbbed. You were going to have to take care of it better than that if you were going to avoid any suspicious questions. The medicine cabinet in the bathroom had a well stocked first aid kit which afforded antiseptics and bandages that you used to clean and wrap your wounds. Bite wounds. You showered quickly, holding your hand out side of the shower curtain to keep the wrappings dry and a laugh suddenly caught you off guard. It pushed up against your diaphragm and burst out of your mouth and you laughed and laughed, heady and crazed from the events only an hour before.

What have I done, you thought.

'Doesn't matter,' you said aloud. 'Doesn't matter what I've done. I'd do it again in a heart beat.'

Clean, dressed and with all of your belongings from the hotel room, you found your team waiting in a hired car in the deserted car park of the local postal office. You were the last to pile into the back seat. Before the car drove off, you could have sworn that you spotted someone, or something standing just at the edge of light from one of the lamp posts at the far edge of the lot. It was just a flash of red and then it was gone. Slumping down in the seat, you rested your head against the window, squeezing your wounded hand into a fist. The pain was a welcomed reminder and you knew that he would find you again.

'See you soon,' you murmured.

-END